

the debter's prison. Her chief creditor, Mrs. Brymer, suggests a way out of the di marriage with an imprisoned debter, who, for a paltry sum, will asseme Mrs. Weyland's debts also. He proves to be a young lawyer, Mac namara, who, through no fault of his own, has fallen late dire straits. Mrs. Weyland, in pity, pays his small debt, sets him free and agrees to marry a negro condenned to die in three days. She then retires in poverty to country life, but later falls beliess to a large fortune and becomes a social queen in London. Here she meets Macaamara, new a flourishing barrister, who pledges himself to her service and is most attentive to her, to the anger of her brother-in-law, Lord Stratherrick. Mrs. Weyland takes as secretary Alice Fulton, daughter of a former creditor. Stratherrick learns of her marriage to the negro through Miss Fulton's father, a worthless specimen. He then calls upon his sister-in-law and attempts to blackmail, proposing that she pay £500 to keep the former creditor quiet. The negro returns to London, having escaped both the gallows and penal servitude in the colonies. He blackmalls Mrs. Weyland, who calls Macnamara to her aid. is in danger. Macnamara secures a valuable ally in Doll, Truxo's real wife, and convinces Lord Stratherrick that Mrs. Weyland has been

It will be remarked how this business designed by the dressmaker in her own in terests as a secret, hole and corner affair not to be known by any one save herself and the lady concerned, had become gradnally extended until it was known by many and might be talked about over the whole town. There is, indeed, no secreey possible when two persons know of a thing; for one highwayman, which is no less than £60,

plantations. There are not wanting, in deed, divines who preach and teach that the negro is descended from an inferior reature, having another Adam and Eve, black complexion, for their ancestors; and another garden of Eden, in which the forbidden fruit was probably the watermelon, situated somewhere near the west coast of Africa, and being cursed with the burden of labor, not for themselves—an al-leviation granted to the white man—but for others, in perpetual slavery, owing to original sins, the nature of which has not been recorded. For this reason, the cap-tains are not perhaps to be blamed if they engage in the traffic of black labor. How-ever, the man seeming indifferent, honest Oliver concluded the bargain with him and engaged to put on board the black man and his white wife.

So he went back to his friend in Drury Lane and resumed his disguise as an Irish craftsman escaping from Dublin, in order to avoid arrest and trial and the probable onsequences. And once more he repaired o the White Dog of Great Hermitage

Mr. Truxo was lying snug, as he had promised to do. That is to say, he was sitting alone in his bedroom, having for company a jug of beer and his own thoughts, which were gloomy. He had not ventured below in the evening, but took his rum with no one but Doll, whose conversational powers he despised. He was by this time in a condition of terror, which made him easy to handle. He mis-trusted the company which used the tayern in the evening; they were mostly, he knew, men of honor, being sallors, who scorn to turn informer for the sake of the reward, however great; but there were craftsmen among them who were not gov-erned by the same nice principles. He was greatly disgusted, moreover, by the rumor a hue and cry brought to him by this Irishman, whom he trusted. Now the reward for arresting a runaway from the plantations is £20; the thief taker, it is well known, keeps his man until he has quali-fied for the noble reward offered for a

There must be hundreds who remember you. They will meet you in the tavern and in the street. How can you feel safe from them? 'What!' they cry. 'There's Adolphus! He's come back! The great Adolphus! The brave Adolphus! The gallant Adolphus! that all the women fell in love with and all the men envied! We thought he was hanged. We heard he was gone to the plantations. We never looked to see him again. Behold him, as great as ever. and back again! Back again!' That's the way they'll talk. So it gets about, and the informers hear of it, and the next thing you know is the arrival of a posse, with a head constable, and off you go to Newgate again. And then there's an end, because you won't get another respite."

The reader will not fail to observe the artful way in which Oliver made use of in the newly opened shops; some turned hurriedly down side streets; some fairly took to their heels and ran away. In the neighborhood of St. James, where rakes spendthrifts, prodigals and gamesters most-ly have their lodgings, the man's face was familiar, much more so than it would be in the city. Those who saw that face remem-

The reader will not fail to observe the artful way in which Oliver made use of the man's vanity, which was enormous, and of his fears, which were at this junction equal to his vanity. Mr. Truxo got down the tankard and responded with a murmurous and musical "Ah!"—prolonged and appreciative. He was great; he felt it; as a housebreaker he was second to none; no bolts or bars would keep him out of a house if he intended to get in he was he house if he intended to get in; he was, he knew, a fine figure of a man; his color caused no diminution of his self-conceit; it helped people to admire him; he was proud of the distinction of a velvety skin and a woolly pate, he was so strong that he feared no man, and at the same time he was now in mortal terror of a recapture and another stay-very short this time-in that fetid court. He listened, therefore, swallowing all the flattery and swelling with pride, even

while his heart sank within him for terror. "Greatness," he said, "is very well in its way, but I want to escape the constable and his posse."

"Why, you have yourself invented a way.
Who but you would have thought of such a simple way? 'I will go back,' says you, 'to my native country.' There's a mind!
There's brains! There's invention for

"My enemies have never called me a "How could they? Why, man, they're too much afraid of you. A fool? Ho, ho! Adolphus Truxo a fool."

"Look you-Mr. Mac-what's-your-name. I'm sick of it-I want to be outside again. Now, have you carried out them orders of "Mr. Truxo, I have. And faithful. Every-

thing is settled. I've seen the captain on board his own ship. He'll give you a berth and rations, with rum. He will sail in a day or two. Everything is settled, even to paying the money-" "Paying the money! Where did you get the money?"
Oliver hesitated. He thought of declaring

that Mr. Truxo himself had given him the money. He would have done so, as the safest course, but for the accident that he did not know what money he had. He therefore, with many qualms for associating even the thought of Isabel with this ruffian of the basest kind, answered diplomatically.

"Mr. Truxo," he said in accents re-proachful. "Why try to keep the secret from me." As if there is anybody else who vould give you the money! "Do you mean that she-she-gave it?"

"Who else would give it?"—the man would be gone in a day or two—let him go with a

the city. Those who saw that face remembered a certain terrifying tap on the shoulder, more dreaded than the cannon's mouth; they recalled the slip of paper, the exhibition of the king's crown in brass surmounting the short rod of office. These things are suggested by the sour visage of the functionary who followed close at Oliver's heels and gave those who observed it the suspicion that this lawyer had been rapped on the shoulder, had seen the slip of paper, the catchpole, and would shortly be on his way to a sponging house—dreadful porch of the debtors' prison.

"My friend," said Oliver, when they arrived at the Grapes tavern, "you will re-"My friend," said Oliver, when they arrived at the Grapes tavern, "you will remain outside. Walk up and down. If I want you I will bring out your man, whom you will immediately arrest. If I do not want you I will come out alone."

The man nodded and proceeded to obey instructions. He stationed himself at the door of the tavern and walked backward and forward, never more than a few feet from the portals, in case of an attempt to and forward, never more than a few feet from the portals, in case of an attempt to escape. The few customers—gentlemen of the worsted epaulette—who came to the house as usual for their morning draft, turned away at sight of this Cerberus, for the catchesia respects not any person not turned away at sight of this Cerberus, for the catchpole respects not any person, not even a footman. Perhaps it was Mr. Pinder himself, the landlord, whom he wanted; no one knows what accidents may happen, even to substantial men like mine host of the Grapes. Perhaps it was one of their own company—who could it be? Perhaps the sheriff's officer waited for the observer himself—who can tell what old things may be revived, what new things may be rebe revived, what new things may be re-vealed, what plots may be invented? So the vealed, what plots may be invented? So the early customer turned and fled in haste, going elsewhere for the morning draft.

Meantime Oliver proceeded with his business, which was one of mercy. He desired to remove the man Fulton from a place where he might do mischief and might be persuaded to cause scandal. True, he was drunk nearly the whole day; drunk and incapable of articulate speech or collecting and marshaling his thoughts, if he had any left; but a sot has sometimes lucid moand marshaling his thoughts, if he had any left; but a sot has sometimes lucid moments, just as on a day of gloom and black clouds the sun will sometimes emerge for a few moments; the danger lay in the chance of these lucid moments which occur, as every one knows in these days of dripking every one knows, in these days of drinking, even when the man has become a mere cask of mixed liquors, and his brain, to outward seeming has been constitution.

of mixed liquors, and his brain, to outward seeming, has been overshadowed by the vapors of punch and port, rum and strong ale, small beer and early purl. Oliver found his man already dressed, sitting in the parlor; no one else was there; the windows were shut, and the place still reeked with the fumes of tobacco, punch, beer and all the drinks of the tavern and of a crowded company. The man sat crouched together in an elbow chair, a prey to the dejection which always possessed him in the morning. He had called for his tankard, but it had not yet been brought. His bloodshot eyes glanced uneasily about the room, as if he expected to see things. He had already seen rats where he knew that no rats could be; perhaps he expected to see them in the parlor. in the parlor.

Without the summer morning was fresh and clear; the sunshine was bright; the air was cool. Strange that men should prefer the stinking parlor of a tavern to the fresh

Oliver wheeled round his chair and sat down before the man. "Sir," he said, "I would have a little discourse with you."

Mr. Fulton raised his head and looked at him with a little languid curiosity. "Sir," he said, "you are a lawyer. I love not lawyers. I have had enough of lawyers. What do you want with me? Charles—Charles," he cried, pettishly. "My ale. Bring me my "I am not come with any hostile intent, Fulton. You were once a bankrupt, I be-

"I was. I was. Mine, sir, was a bank-ruptcy worth remembering. I'm not afraid of you. As to my debts, the creditors were content to leave me my liberty."
"So I have heard." "So I have heard"

"They took all my wordly goods, sir-the stock of my shop, worth many thousands; the good will of my business, worth as much again; my furniture and silver plate, alone worth many hundreds; my valuable books and pedigrees and furniture, heir-looms, sir—they took all. Their rapacity was beyond belief. Let me tell you, sir, that no bankruptey in the city ever avairal more interest. For weeks there was noth ing talked about on 'change. A noble fail-"Sir," said Oliver, "I know the history of your failure. It will be well for you to reserve these imaginary allegations for the tavern company. The amount for which you failed was under £500. Your stock was practically worthless. You had no silver plate, but took your meals off pewter. Your books consisted of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,'

(To be concluded.) Molls' geography, a ready reckoner, a book of common prayer and Baker's history. As for your pictures and furniture, the less said the better. Indeed, Mr. Fulton, your bankruptcy was remarkable for nothing else than the fact that few citizens in business, supposed to be substantial, have ever

The tankard was brought. Mr. Fulton took a long pull and sat upright with a sigh "I suppose you know better than my-self," he said. "Pray, sir, have you come here to set me right on my own private

failed for so trifling a sum."

"Presently-presently. After you had taken the first steps of bankruptcy, being forced thereto by your creditors, you bethought yourself of a certain lady who was indebted to you in the sum of something like f100, be the amount more or less."
"She was. It was this woman who drove me into bankruptcy. It was not £100, but

'Ta, ta, ta, Mr. Fulton. I am a lawyer and I know the facts. It was less than £100. The debt was not due for two months to come. You concealed the debt from your creditors; you removed the entry from your books. It was a fraudulent act, Mr. Fulton, a fraudulent act." Oliver shook his forefinger in the other's face. Mr. Fulton buried his nose again in the tankard. "You resolved on getting this money for yourself and thereby defrauding your creditors." Mr. Fulton felt encouraged by the beer "Sir," he said, "I don't know who you are but let me tell you, sir, that you lie. All

lawyers are liars. That is all I have to say, You lie."
"Mr. Fulton, if you give me the lie you will provoke me to take steps which will give you great pain. Do not be afraid," for the man held the tankard before his face as if for protection, "I am not going to pull

nose. My proceedings will be of a legal character-and much more lasting in their effects." "What do you come here for, then?" "I come to remonstrate with you and to protect a lady-none other than the lady whom you drove by your pretenses and threats to take certain decisive steps, otherwise not to be recommended, for her own

'Why, she defrauded me!" the man shrieked. "She defrauded me, I say. Waat to you mean by your cock and a bull? What do you know about it? She defraud-

"You have been placed in this house in order to keep you quiet. You have observed the silence for which you were paid. Your wages are your board and lodging, with as much drink as you please to call

for."
"That may be so-I shall not deny it. have been paid for silence. That shows how much the lady is afraid of me. Sir, I say again, she defrauded me. As for my defrauding my creditors, I would have you to know that I am an honest man-an hon-

est man, sir.' "You have been paid by persons acting without the knowledge of this lady. She is without the knowledge of this lady. She is not in the least afraid of you."

The man laughed. "Not afraid of me! A fine story, truly! Well, sir, you may tell the lady that inless she continues to buy my silence—at a much higher figure than she has yet paid—I will make the whole town ring with the story. Yet—the story of her fraud!"

her marriage and of her fraud!" "You make the town ring? You, the companion of lacqueys! You, a poor, contemptible bankrupt and beggar, ragamuffin?

What do you mean by your threats? Understand, sir, that we defy you."
"Oh, you will defy me?" He was by this time restored partially, not quite, to his ordinary condition of a muddy brain. "You defy me? Why, sir, you don't even know the tale I shall tell. It is a tale what will

"You will do your worst, if you please. Then our turn will come. And you will starve afterward." starve afterward."

"I shall have my revenge. And my friends—there's a noble lord—think of that! A noble lord among them—they will not see me starve; they will keep me in this house, where the company is good—yes—and the drink is good—and plenty of it—I have never, not even in the days of my prosperity, enjoyed so much good drink and so many kinds of it. My friends will look after me. I am not airaid of you, sir, nor of any lawyers—nor of a.. the lawyers."

"I warn you. Mind, I warn you solemnly. The tale you will tell is not true. It is not true that this lady owed you £1,200; it

not true that this lady owed you £1,200; it is not true that her account, which was for less than £100, was overdue; it is not true that any action of hers put you into bankthat any action of hers put you into bank-ruptcy; it is not true, finally, as you think of telling people, that she married a con-vict under sentence of death."

"What? Not true? Why, she married a negro—negro, sir—a black beast of a negro—who is hanged."

"She did nothing of the kind. Well, sir,

"She did nothing of the kind. Well, Sir, are you resolved upon getting your revenge? Will you attempt to spread this invention—this monstrous collection of lies about among the lackies who frequent the

"Sir," he attempted an attitude of dig-nity, but his shoulders lurched and his head reeled. "Sir," he said with increased thick-ness of speech. "It has been my boast and my pride, throughout my life, to forgive dy. Revenge is dearer to me than life. I defy you. Do your worst. . will have re-

Oliver considered this poor, impotent boaster with a kind of pity. The man was so contemptible and so obstinate. His decision was to bring him to a right mind if possible and to persuade him, rather than to threaten him, into abandoning these wild threats of revenue. to threaten him, into abandoning these wild threats of revenge. Any man, however ignorant and weak and helpless, may do mischief with a lighted torch.

"Come," he said, "you talk at random. You propose to tell your friends, the lackies—whatever you please. I do assure you, Mr. Fulton, upon my honor, that your friends, as you call them, have given you up; that your maintenance in this house.

up; that your maintenance in this house has been abandoned. You are about to be turned into the street. How will you tell them, then, this or any other story? You have no money to call for more drinks: there is not one among them all who will oblige you with a pot of small beer. How will you tell them?"
"I will have my revenge. I will have my revenge," he replied, with a poor show of doggedness.

"On the other hand, I am empowered to make you an offer—an offer which you do not deserve. Now, listen, Mr. Fulton. The offer is this: You are to go into the country, fifteen miles at least from town. If you consent to this, and promise to circulate no more stories about bills and fraudulent doings and—and marriages in Newgate, you shall receive the sum of 15 shillings a week. With 15 shillings you can pay for a room and a bed. They will cost you, say, 2 shillings a week; your food will cost you, say, eight pence a day; there remains for drink and for clothes the sum of 8 shillings a week at least. There, Mr. Fulton, is my offer."

The man drank off the rest of the tank-ard. He was now incapable of understand-ing anything properly; he saw things in a tims being men and women who suffer from "kidney trouble" and neing anything properly; he saw things in a haze, not clearly; he had returned to his ordinary condition—he was half drunk; words and things had no more meaning for him. "Don't waste your breath," he said thickly, "talking nonsense. I will have my revenge. This is a comfortable house: the company is good, the drink is good and plentiful—I have never before had such a skinful of good drink."

"Very good Mr. Fulton very good Please." foreign matters which if retained in the blood corrupt and poison it.

"Very good, Mr. Fulton, very good. Please to step this way with me." Oliver took the man by the arm. He was quite unresisting, and rose murmuring and repeating in broken language that he had always prided himself on having his revenge, and that revenge was dearer than life—with more bombastic stuff of brain he mused.

Oliver led him to the door, where the sheriff's officer stood like a sentinel. At a signal this man stepped forward and tapped the revengeful bankrupt on the shoulder, at the same time producing a slip of parchment.

"In the name of the law," he said, "you are my prisoner."

'Mine," Oliver replied. "I am the detain ing creditor. The debt is that for drink at the Grapes. I gave you every chance. You at lessure on the consequences of desiring revenge. You may tell any stories you please-on the poor side. You will have no drink and very little food. I have nothing

is Now Lost.

THE MERIDIAN STONE. Stood at the Head of 16th Street, but

At the request of Prof. Simon, Newcomb of 1620 P street northwest the District Commissioners have been making inquiries in regard to the old stone monument removed from Meridian Hill in the line of 16th street about 1873. The stone contained an inscription purporting to give the latitude and longitude of the spot it marked. It was removed and cast aside during street improvements. In investigating the matter the Commissioners have found in the National Geographic Magazine of November 1, 1894, an article on "Surveys and Maps of the District of Columbia" by Marcus Baker, in which oc-

curs the following paragraphs: "A word now about the stone on Meridian Hill. It will be remembered that Commodore (afterward Admiral) Porter had a mansion on the old Peter place at the head of 16th street. Its main entrance was due north of the main entrance to the White House. Exactly in line between these doorways, on the lawn south of the house, stood a low sandstone block, on which was placed a brass sun dial. The stone was carved in cylindrical form on its northern side. This stone, so the story goes, was removed when room shill was cut down some twenty years ago, and is now doing duty as a carriage step of 14th and R streets. On story goes, was removed when 16th street at the corner of 14th and R streets. On talking with the owner of the place at 14th and R streets, however, he denied vigorously that this was the meridian stone. He described the meridian stone as similar to the Capitol stone, and Mr. King, who set the meridian stone and the Capitol stone in 1804, also describes them as similar. I infer, therefore, that two stones at the head of 16th street have been called meridian stone.
"The original one, still extant, is said to

be now serving as a hitching post in front of the reform school. The carriage step at 14th and R streets is probably a later stone set up as a base or support for a sun dial, and came to be known as the meridian stone to the exclusion of the original freestone obelisk."

It is said there is no record of the monu-ment referred to in the engineer office of the District government nor of its re-moval at the time the street was graded. A contract was made October 3, 1871, by the board of public works with G. W. G. Eslin for grading 16th street from the Boundary to Columbia road. The work was not done for four or five years, for in March, 1875, this contract was assigned to William Fletcher. The engineer's report for 1876 gives this work as complete, so that it must have been done between March, 1875, and November, 1876.

The engineer department has learne that the stone at the southwest corner of 14th and R streets, now used for a carriage block, is a flat sandstone 6 or inches thick and 18 or 20 inches wide This could not be the entire stone used for the monument, it is stated, for it has not sufficient depth, but it might portion of the stone. A report from one of the District assistant engineers says:

"The stone is described as carved in cylindrical form on its northern side, which cylindrical form on its northern side, which is the shape of the stone on R street, a shape not likely to be given to a stone originally designed for a carriage step, but such as it might and probably would have if designed for affixing a sun dial. It is easy to believe that six or eight inches was cut off from a larger stone, or this stone itself may have get on

KIDNEY DISEASE.

Its Insidious Progress and Sudden Termination.

Not long ago a man who had made success in business bought a country place and retired from active pearances he was a healthy man. He entered upon the life of his country self in the culture and care of flowers and enjoying the pleasures of outdoor life to the full. One day they found him unconscious on the

Only the names are suppressed. It | sulted Dr. Pierce:

is being repeated every day, the vic-

SLOW POISONING.

It is the office of kidneys to filter

the blood and remove from it those

The principles so eliminated by the

kidneys are constantly being pro-

duced in the tissues of the body.

The kidneys are therefore ceaseless-

ly active and care for an enormous

quantity of blood. When by reason

of disease the activity of the kidneys

is impaired, or when they are over-

taxed by being required to eliminate from the blood an undue quantity of

corrupting substances, thrown into the blood as a result of disease of the

lect in the blood, and breed deadly

Prompt action cannot be too

strongly urged upon those who have

even the slightest symptoms of "kid-

will save both suffering and ex-

and was hardly able to get about,"

194. "Was bothered with kidney

trouble and my whole system was

out of order; had no appetite. A

friend of mine told me to try Dr.

Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

I did so and the first bottle restored

that mine was."

"For a long time I was suffering

is desperate and doubtful,

The symptoms of kidney disease are many and so variable that it is almost impossible to describe them all. In general the indications of kidney disease are pain in the back and loins, change in the urinary excretion, a depressed feeling with lassitude or weakness; irregular heart beat; hot and dry skin, deranged digestion, variable appetite, urinary incontinence, puffiness about the eyes, swelling of the ankles or in commercial life. By all outward ap- different parts of the body. These symptoms will not be present in any one case, probably, but any one of home with great zest, engaging him- them is a reason for a prompt attempt to cure its cause.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES.

The symptoms of kidney disease lawn. The family believed he must are so variable and so liable to be have been the victim of tramps. The mistaken that it is no uncommon doctor came but could not rouse him thing for the inexperienced practifrom his stupor. When the autopsy | tioner to treat the sufferer for the was made it showed that death was wrong disease. Such was the case the result of kidney disease long probably with Mrs. Hayter, whose letter is given below. "Several dif-This is a true story. The facts are ferent doctors treated her, but none given as the newspapers told them. did her any good," until she con-

> more than a year with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Lucy Hayter, of Jacksboro', Jack County, Texas. "Several different doctors treated me, but none did me any good. One doctor said I never could be cured, that I had Bright's dis ease. I suffered nearly death at times; had spells the doctor called spasms. Was bed-fast most of the time for six months. My mother begged me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. With but little hope I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he said he

"I had been sick for

is a story that in one way or another could cure me. I began to take his Golden Medical Discovery, and although I had given up to die I began to improve from the start, and by the time I had taken twenty-two bottles I was entirely cured. I thank God for the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I weigh more than ever before in my life and I am entirely

Dr. Pierce invites any person who suffers from disease in chronic form to consult him by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. A great many people, who, like Mrs. Hayter, have written to Dr. Pierce "with but little hope," have like her been perfectly and permanently cured by his treatment.

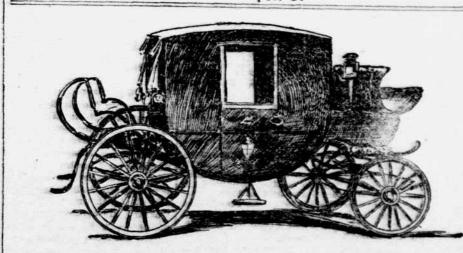
stomach and other organs of diges- An analysis of the urine will be tion and nutrition; then it is that the made free of charge. This often depoisonous deposits first begin to col- termines the nature of the disease when accompanied with a full stateconsequences. The accumulation of ment of symptoms. Do not neglect the poison is slow, and the physical this opportunity to obtain a specialchanges which accompany the poilist's opinion on your condition absoning of the system are slow also, solutely without fee or charge, toand this makes the great danger of gether with a free uninary analysis, the disease. Many times the victim If you are sick consult Dr. Pierce, of kidney disease does not awaken by letter, without delay.

to danger before the entire system is It is to be remembered that Docpoisoned, and the struggle for life tor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, cleanses the blood of waste substances and so removes one of the causes which conduce to the overburdening and disease of the kid-

ney trouble." The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery Don't be fooled into trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures bewrites Mr. Andrew J. Jennings, of Thomas, Tucker Co., W. Va., Box hind every claim made for the "Discovery" which no "just as good" medicine can show.

ENTIRELY FREE.

The best Medical Book free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing more than a my appetite. I took six bottles of thousand large pages and over 700 'Golden Medical Discovery' and illustrations, is sent free on receipt some of the 'Pleasant Pellets' and of stamps to pay expense of mailing feel like a new person. Think there only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for is no better medicine and I heartily the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 recommend these medicines to every stamps for the book in paper covers. one whose suffering is of the nature Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo,



SALMON P. CHASE'S CARRIAGE.

Still Preserved in the Shop of a Local

The carriage which was in 1862 the handsomest equipage in Washington, and which transported through its streets the reigning society queen of that day-the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, or, as she is now remembered, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague-has for the past eighteen years occupied an inconspicuous place in the sales room of Thomas

the dold coast, which is my native country to stay. He repaired to the port and made in a slip in the Pool which was fitting of a slip in the Pool which was fitting of a slip in the Pool which was fitting of a slip in the Pool which was fitting of a slip in the Pool which was fitting of a slip in the Pool which was fitting of a slip in the Pool which was fitting of a slip in the Pool which was fitting of a slip in the Pool which was fitting of the port and made in the control of the was a set of from a larger state, or this stone itself may have sat on an other, of a mountent true. A prince I am, and like to be a king white wife a little need indicate the control of the stone I the stone. The drink is good here and the control of the total I shall call. It is a tale what a will true. A prince I and like to be a king white wife and the control of the many have sat on an other, of a mountent true. A prince I am and like to be a king white wife and the control of the co E. Young's carriage house in this city.

it in the sales room, never admitting for it in the sales room, never admitting for a moment that its former glory has been lessened a whit by the vagaries of fashion.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave the carriage in trade for a more modern vehicle about eighteen years ago. Its value now is simply that of a relic, but in the estimation of Mr. Young, whose place was established in this city in 1820, this value is increasing each year. each year.
Mr. Young also has stored away in his

lofts the Seward carriage, which is an exact counterpart of the carriage shown at Buffalo as the equipage of Abraham Lincoln. This, with the carriage of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, he purchased about twenty years

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Irs. Isabel Weyland, a widow, is threatened with

He turns detective, and, in disguise, frightens Truxo, the negro, into the belief that his life

maligned by her enemies CHAPTER XX. Flattery and Persuasion.

the other will infallibly talk about it. adeed, the best way of letting some event scome known everywhere is to communicate it as a profound secret. The lady was o secure herself against arrest or molestation by transferring her debts to another person. There is but one way of effecting his desirable exchange, namely, by mar-iage. First, she was to marry a prisoner in the poor side of the king's bench prison. Oliver was the prisoner chosen for the part, as being penniless and friendless. The lady refused him; her refusal and her se-curity were the foundation of Oliver's sub-sequent success. He therefore, for one, was not disposed to forget either the one or the other. Then followed the business in Newgate. There were concerned in this, which was to be a matter of such profound secreey that no one was to know anything about it, the happy bridegroom, the parson and his clerk and the turnkey. The first of them, who ought to have been hanged, was respected and had now returned; the second had his registers to tell the truth: the clerk and the turnkey might be ne-glected-they would not care for the name of the bride, nor would they remember the circumstances. There remained Mrs. Brymer herself; she had communicated the fact to the draper of Ludgate Hill; he, after three years of bankruptey and begging, was to become the tool of two designing persons, who were using him for their own purposes. If he chose he would spread the news abroad by means of the most scandal-

loving community in the whole town—that of the servants' hall. As yet there was no whisper of scandal gainst Isabel. In a town full of whispers, ds, murmurs, smiles and hints her nam had remained spotless; it was Oliver's task

Fortune, aided by his own courage and resource, had helped him. He had found out that whatever scandal might arise there was no foundation for any fear of molestation. The man chiefly concerned was not only a fugitive, liable to be excepted without trial but he had also been ecuted without trial, but he had also been married at the time of the ceremony in Newgate. This would not stop the voice of scandal, but it would prevent the danger of further action on the part of the pretended husband. The man could do nothing, except—if he were once more an occupant of the condemned cell-tell the story of his bigamy within the walls.

Oliver, therefore, addressed himself chief-ly to this danger. You have heard that he had devised a plan for the escape of the His plan was to place him on board a ship bound for the west coast of Africa, his old country; he thought that by raising his apprehensions of arrest, even though no one was looking after him, he would not only induce him to go, but also to stay. He repaired to the port and made

with a Tyburn ticket, the horse and arms of the individual and a share of the booty. It will be seen in the event that Mr. Truxo's apprehensions were well founded though the name of the informer, for rea sons that you will learn, was never di-

vulged.
"Sir." said Oliver—he pronounced the word in Irish fashion, 'sorr'—but we pass over these tricks of speech adopted to allay possible suspicion. Besides, they are beneath the dignity of history. "I have done as you desired." It will be seen that for readiness of invention when it suited his purpose this lawyer had few equals and no superiors. "I have done it," he re-

"What have you done?" "I have done what you told me to do yes terday." He communicated this information in a whisper, as a thing of the highest importance

"What did I tell you to do?" "You might have been thought drunk though it was early, but I know better. Nothing makes you drunk. A noble figure of a man, you are, sure, with a thirst upon you like the mouth of a lime kiln that nothing satisfies. Nothing can make you drunk. If it had been an ordinary man now-but it was you-and you can't get drunk, not if you was to try your best."

"That's neither here nor there. What did I tell you to do? There's a many things to think about. What did I tell you to do?"
"You said to me, speakin' free but confidential-you said: 'There's no safety for me here. Any one of the company may go out and lay an information. I must get clean away from here—out of danger'-says ou. But, Lord! you remember." "Suppose I don't remember. Go on as if

didn't remember. Let me see if you can emember." This he said thinking it mighty cunning, because for his own part he remembered just nothing at all of any such conversation, having, indeed, made himself drunk as David's son by himself in the "Sir, I shall try. You said so much. Then

you said, speaking low, "I can get what money I want; I shall take ship,' says you, 'as passenger, not as a landsman, aboard some ship bound for the Gold coast. There's plenty ships,' says you, 'bound for the Gold coast."
"I said that, did I? Well, so far it's true

You've a good memory. Go on, my lad."
"Them was your very words. Come, don't say you have forgotten when I've been all the morning at work for you."
"I didn't say so. Go on."
"Then you said, 'Go tomorrow morning down to the Pool,' you said, 'Make in-quiries,' you said, 'Find a ship fitting for the Gold coast, which is my native country and where I am a prince when I'm at

"MR. FULTON BURIED HIS NOSE IN THE TANKARD." . sense of obligation if possible, Isabel would not know-"Who else, I ask you, Mr. Truxo, would give it?"

"Oh! She gave it, did she?" "Hush! Hush! Doll is downstairs. She's jealous." "She gave it, did she? Then I'll go and

thank her myself." Oliver shook his head mysteriously. 'Don't you try to see her. Don't think of it. There's no more dangerous place for you in all London. She says that her house is watched. She says that you are to get on board and to sail away as fast as you can, out of danger. Lord! How they would like to catch Adolphus Truxo once more! Be careful, she says—..., be careful!"
"Doll is jealous. That's a fact. Well, sir, if I was free, I'd soon show you how to get rid of a jealous wife. But I'm not free—

more's the pity!" "As you say-more's the pity. Now, you're to go on board tomorrow evening after dark. Doll is to go with you."
"Doll to go with me? I don't want Doll. What am I to do with Doll in Africa?"
"She's your wife, man. You can't leave

Adolphus laughed. "She's my wife? So is a dozen more of 'em, here and there. As for leaving her behind, I did it before and I'd do it again." "Doll must go with you. It is not safe to leave her behind, man! The law can reach as far as the gold coast and a jealous

wife can send out orders for your arrest out there as well as at home."
"If she must come, then, I suppose she must. Well, there's fever on that coast. There's comfort in the thought. Oh! Yes. Doll can come, if you think it safer. I'm tired of Doll; she's ugly. Give me a creature like—But Doll can come. Oh! yes—she can come." he chuckled. "She said the other day that she would die for me. She shall die for me if sne likes. Better that than live with me."

Oliver was not squeamish, but the sight Offiver was not squeamish, but the sight of this brute anticipating the death of his wife by fever was almost too much for him. However, he restrained himself.

"Doll would not be happy without you. Well, when can you go aboard? The captain expects to sail in two days. You can go aboard when you go aboard? The cap-tain expects to sail in two days. You can go aboard when you please. The sooner the better, because the captain will not wait. As soon as the cargo is laid down and her papers are ready he will drop down the

"I will go tomorrow. The sooner I get out of the place where I am nothing more than a prisoner the better. I will go on board to-nyrow evening at nightfall."

nyrrow evening at nightfall."
"I will come to see you off. If I were only going, too!"
"Come with me. Why not?"
"I am afraid of the fever. The white men all die. Besides, no one knows me here. I shall get a job somewhere along the river. The drink is good here and the company is good, since I can't go back to Dublin again. And here no one knows why I